WOODSTOCK

AN ESSAY BY

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

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WOODSTOCK

An Essay by

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

with Reproductions of the Work of Woodstock Artists

WOODSTOCK ART ASSOCIATION

WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK

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WOODSTOCK

By Richard Le Gallienne

For Woodstock to be distinguished is an old story. If she is not precisely "older than the rocks among which she sits," she is, at all events, just as old. And they are among the oldest and most distinguished rocks in the world. In geological aristocracy the Catskill Mountains are equal to any and superior to most. No geologist can omit reference to them, stretching back as they do into that Palaeozoic, or Primary age, with the remnants of which, it will be recalled, Bret Harte's "Society Upon the Stanislaws" playfully engaged in warfare, and famous among the learned for that Old Red Sandstone which took Abner Dean of Angel's in the abdomen on that spirited occasion. If I add that the inhabitants of Woodstock go back to the Trilobites, the reader will need no further assurance of their fossilized antiquity. Ancient Egypt, so to speak, has "nothing on" Mink Hollow. In the days of the Trilobites, however, the Catskills were probably not so beautiful as they are now or when Washington Irving saw them, and wrote that description of them which still best pictures them to the reading eye.

"Whoever," he says, "has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky, but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory."

This is, of course, Irving's descriptive introduction to that story of Rip Van Winkle which has long since taken its place among the great fairy-tales of the world. Some of us are still boyish enough to feel a thrill in knowing that we are living in the neighborhood of that famous legendary happening, of the truth of which no one who has felt the peculiar magic of the Catskills can have a moment's doubt. Legend and romance, indeed,

are of the very breath we draw in these haunted mountains, and that is one reason, quite apart from their salutary breezes, why they are so good to live in, ministering as they do to that imaginative part of us that withers in the air of cities, and for that reason, among many others it is easy to see how nature herself had predestined Woodstock to become, as it has, a refuge and a centre for the race of dreamers who have now given it its culminating significance.

Before dealing with the fortunes of that seed of dreams carried overseas from Oxford by Mr. Whitehead, let us glance briefly at the history of the soil that had been preparing to receive it from the days of the Trilobites till the apparition of Mr. Bolton Brown at Mead's boarding-house as hereinafter to be related. When on October 15, 1609, Henry Hudson brought the *Half Moon*—"de Halve Maan"—to anchor near the mouth of the Rondout, under the lee of "those other mountains which lie from the river side," he "found very loving people and very old men," and records "we were very well used." Those "very loving people," who subsequently cannot be said to have been "very well used" in return, have long since disappeared from those mountain wildernesses, but, though the Indian has vanished, those earlier inhabitants which shared them with him still survive, and those present-day sojourners in Woodstock whose natures answer to "the call of the wild" and thrill responsively to the fact that not only have they painters, musicians, poets, weavers and potters for neighbors, but also bears, deer, wild-cats, and rattlesnakes, with other *ferae naturae*, can be assured that this is no romantic illusion. No winter goes by without bringing its bag of a dozen or more bears, and those who care for bear's meat can buy it in the local markets along with the flesh of the more usual animal victims. If you tramp through the woods across from Overlook to Plaat Clove you are just as likely to meet with a bear as any other pedestrian, though you will probably meet with neither. I have heard a wild-cat yowling not far from the desk where I write these words, and more fortunate friends of mine have seen one crouching, green-eyed on a neighboring wood-pile, or standing fascinated before the head-lights of an approaching automobile. A doe and her young grazing peacefully in your "lots" are no uncommon apparitions, and on your lonely rambles, the red fox will often cross the woodland path, soft-footed as sleep; and in the "California Quarries" half-way up the mountain-side to Overlook, should you come across an odour curiously like ammonia, you may as well know that a prosperous colony of rattlesnakes is not far off. "Panther Kill" is the name of a stream that hints at another picturesque inhabitant, as "Bear's Wallow"—the name of a morass high up on the mountain facing Mink Hollow—tells its own tale. The reader, however, must not expect always to find the bears "wallowing" there, at the end of his arduous climb, nor must he be misled into thinking that the village of Bearsville is named after its bears. Alas! for romance, it would be more correctly written "Baehrsville," after a certain merchant pedler who, some decades ago, laid the foundations of the comprehensive store in

that place—a sort of Catskill "Bon Marché"—now in the hands of the almost aboriginal Shultis family. As one gathers from the same constantly recurring Dutch names on the village stores, the rural delivery mail boxes and the head-stones in the church-yard, Woodstock was first settled by the Dutch—"Holland-Dutch," as the farmers say. According to one account (that is in Mr. T. Morris Longstreth's pleasant book on "The Catskills"), Martin Snyder, in 1728, with "ten sons and uncounted daughters," was the original pioneer. Philip Bonesteel arrived later, and the old Hudler farm still preserves his memory, as the "David, Moses and Peter Short Place" at Wittenberg, sometimes called Yankeetown, recalls another early arrival, Peter Short. His date is given as 1776, and by 1788, the names of Ephriam Van Keuren, Jacob Du Bois, Philip Shultis, Henry Shultis, Peter Van De Bogart, John Hutchins, William Elting, Johannes Keip, Elias Hasbrouck (the first supervisor), William Snyder and Andrew Reisler are found in the village records. The Old Tannery Brook reminds one that the earliest Woodstock industry was tanning, which, as it involved stripping the bark from large stretches of the primeval woodland, gradually prepared the way for those flourishing farmsteads which have flung green pastures and waving cornfields across the Woodstock valley. Glass making was another prosperous industry. From this the village of Glasco on the Hudson, a little below Saugerties takes its name. There used to be a store-house there with "Glass Co." painted on it, and it was from that inscription that the name came into being. The "Co." had its own dock, and a sloop that brought sand, soda and other necessary chemicals from New Jersey. The glass factory itself was situated at Shady, previously known as Berlin, where its ruins are still to be seen. It commenced business in 1825, the names of Pelton Orr and Hall being among its stockholders, and it prospered for many years, Marius Schoonmaker of Kingston, Peter Elwyn, William Cooper and William Johnson later remodeling the company, which was run on a cooperative basis. The "Glasco Turnpike" perpetuates the memory of the route through Shady, Rock City, Daisy and Mount Marion, by which the glass products—samples of which in the shape of quaint ornaments are still to be found in the older farm houses, where they will tell you they were "blowed up to Shady"—were transported to the "Glass Co.'s" dock. But, up Overlook Mountainside, near Meads, are to be found the relics of a still older glass factory, of which little is known except that it was owned by that same Christian Baehr already referred to as the founder of the Bearsville Bon Marché.

Woodstock was settled too late to suffer from that Indian warfare of which Kingston, which goes back a century earlier, had its grim share; but it has made a considerable contribution to the collection of Indian relics, such as arrow heads, tomahawks, beads, ornamented shells and pictographic records upon stone and wood, at the old State House in Kingston. A find of particular interest was made a few years ago when Cooper's Pond, to the left of the road between Shady and Lake Hill, was

being drained to make it worthy of providing the highly fastidious water drinkers of Kingston with part of their water supply. This was a large stone curiously carved with grotesque heads and other forms, which passed into the possession of the Van De Bogart family at Shady.

Woodstock was not incorporated until April 11, 1787, two weeks or so before Washington's first inauguration, and such troubles as it had with the Indians were with those in pay of the British forces during the Revolutionary War, who would swoop down into the valley and make captives, to be marched through the Catskill wildernesses to imprisonment across the Canadian border. "Fake" Indians, however, played a picturesque part in the famous Rent War. Briefly stated, the troubles which swept over New York State, involving not only Ulster County but Delaware, Greene, Rensselaer, Albany, Columbia as well—some seventy years ago, had its origin in the enormous grants of land made to favorites of the crown in pre-Revolutionary times, and in the insecurity of tenure which had come about from an over-lapping of these great estates and their consequent undefined boundaries, as well as from the system of "three-life leases"—a lease, that is, extending during the life of the lessor, his heir and his heir's heir. When this lease ended the great landlords refused to sell, and, moreover, in some cases, the tenants found themselves at the mercy of rival landholders, both demanding rents. Woodstock and its neighborhood was for the most part included in the Livingston grant, which, like all such grants, was technically supposed to stretch across the continent in a vast slice to the Pacific Ocean. Determined to end their vexatious conditions, some of the tenants organized themselves into a secret society, subdivided into companies of ten. They disguised themselves as Indians and met in secluded places to plan resistance to the rent collectors, whom they would on occasion tar and feather. Sometimes they went further. The early history of the struggle began with the assassination of Captain Gerardus Hardenburg, a particularly high-handed landlord who had evicted his tenants, and who was found by the roadside with a bullet in his head, one of his evicted tenants boasting afterwards that he had "shot a fat buck." But it was not until 1845 that the "war" reached its height and it was further complicated by some of the tenants contemptuously dubbed "Tories" taking the part of the landlords. The "Indians" had organized a system of mobilizing by the blowing of dinner-horns at the approach of evicting sheriffs or other landlord's "agents." One example of these "Indians" in action may be given: "Benjamin Winne, near The Corner, had refused to pay rent. The sheriff came with legal documents to serve. The head of the family was not at home, but Mrs. Winne ascertaining the officer's business, blew a blast on the horn that was taken up and repeated by all within hearing, and again and again repeated, till soon the horns were blowing for miles around, in all directions, arousing the 'Indians' of Shandaken, Little Shandaken, and Woodstock to the need for their services. The sheriff knew too well what the matter was and fled on horseback, running his horse. At Lake Hill he was headed off

by a party of Woodstock 'Indians,' dragged from his horse into the mud, his papers taken from him and destroyed and the thoroughly scared official sent back to Kingston with a warning never again to invade the hunting grounds of the 'Down-Renters.'"

Talking of land tenure, the method of acquiring land, in early tannery days, according to old Woodstock residents, was this. A man took first possession of a tract he desired by cutting down a pine tree, and when the pine tree rotted (in about fifty years) he either lost the land or acquired a lease of it for a small sum, or in return for his services to the tannery.

There is a curious legend attaching to an elm tree in Woodstock churchyard which must find its place in these desultory notes of Woodstock history. Just over a century ago there lived near the village a middle-aged man of the Van De Bogart family, married to a beautiful young wife of eighteen of whom he was exceedingly jealous. This jealousy was the cause of many quarrels which came to a tragic conclusion in this way. The husband returning from his work, one August evening in 1821, found his house in darkness—no wife and no supper ready. In his anger he cut a stout stick from an elm tree nearby, and awaited the return of his wife. When at last she returned from innocent ministrations at the bed-side of a sick neighbor, he fell upon her and beat her so brutally with his elm cudgel, that she, being near to the delivery of a child, died in giving it birth the following day, taking the dead child with her to the grave. But with it too, though she refused to incriminate her husband, she took the elm stick that had brought her there, praying as she died that it might take root in her heart and grow into a tree, as a reminder to her own husband, and a warning to husbands in general. So, with the stick tightly held against her heart she was buried, and, in course of time, her prayer was answered. The stick sprouted, struck its roots through her young body, and anyone who doubts the story has only to seek out in the Woodstock churchyard a grave between the head and foot-stone of which a great elm has thrust its way—a grave bearing the inscription: "In memory of Catherine, wife of John Van De Bogart (also her infant child) who died August 2, 1821, aged 18 years, two months and 13 days."

In the century and a half or so since its first settlement, the tanners and farmers together had changed the primitive wilderness into a green and prosperous valley, and, the fame of Catskill air and streams having gone abroad, the vanguard of summer visitors from New York and Albany began to make their appearance, and Overlook House, the white caravansary in solitary altitude on the wooded crest of that mountain, and Mead's boarding-house in the notch to the south of it, came into existence. Nature and man together had thus prepared the ground and set the stage for the entrance of those practical dreamers who, as the phrase goes, were finally to set Woodstock "on the map," by giving it a position in that geography of the mind where places are not valued according to size, population or worldly wealth, but because they have attained a significance for the imagination and become symbolic of the higher successes of

the human spirit. To the map where we find Sèvres, Barbizon, Bayreuth and Kelmscott was now to be added—Woodstock.

Probably no man has had so much influence in moulding the finer life of our time as William Morris, he who once despairingly described himself as "the idle singer of an empty day," and "dreamer of dreams born out of my due time." "Too quick despairer" he indeed was, for dream has seldom been more potent than his, or inspired so many disciples ardent to translate the dream into the deed. Among these was Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead, who carried the dream with him from Oxford—where he had received it from William Morris's own hands—to California, and there found two friends eager to share it with him: the dream of workers in the arts and the crafts, associated but independent, working together in healthy and beautiful surroundings. To give this dream a local habitation and a name. That was the quest on which these three friends set out from California some twenty years ago. It took Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Hervey White to the Carolinas, but the third friend, Mr. Bolton Coit Brown, had faith in northern New York, and Mr. Brown vividly tells the story of how for three weeks he tramped through the Catskills seeking its likeliest and loveliest valley. His quest ended one day, when, torn by bush and briar, he emerged from the Overlook wilderness at Meads' boarding-house, and, having asked Mr. Mead, who eyed him with some surprise, for a needle and thread to darn his slashed habiliments, stood looking down on Woodstock

> . . . *Like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes*
> *He star'd at the Pacific.*

His next request was to be directed to a telegraph office, which having found, he telegraphed Mr. Whitehead his discovery. Soon after the three friends were at Meads together, and the result was the deposit in the Kingston bank in Mr. Whitehead's name of $10,000 to go towards the purchase of the mountain land where "Byrdcliffe" now stands. The negotiation of this purchase was entrusted to Mr. Brown, and it was one that needed no little diplomacy, for, unprofitable as the boulder-strewn acres might seem, and were, the farmers who owned them had, or discovered, a rooted affection for them, which it needed all Mr. Brown's persuasiveness to overcome. Mr. Brown tells a story of one farmer who held out longer than the others. One day Mr. Brown came upon him when he was engaged in plowing his "stubborn glebe," and having watched him awhile turning out boulder after boulder, he spoke:

"You know," he said, "if you'd sell this land of yours and take the money I want to give you for it, you could go down in the valley and buy a site where you wouldn't have to be turning over rocks before planting anything."

The old man stopped, thumbed the tobacco down into his corn-cob, and replied:

"Wall—yes! But I don't seem to be minding it any—do I?"

It was a characteristic Yankee answer, but Yankee common sense

equally characteristic finally won the day, and the land passed to Mr. Whitehead.

Mr. Whitehead began by building a number of cottages, a class studio, and an inn in which to lodge craftsmen and students, with Mr. Fordyce Herrick as builder and Mr. Herrick and himself as collaborating architects. A farm was included in Mr. Whitehead's scheme and Mr. Hervey White was the man chosen to run it. Mr. Bolton Brown, who had now given up his position as head of the Art Department in Stanford University, Mr. Carl Eric Lindin, Mr. Birge Harrison, Mr. Herman Dudley Murphy, Mr. Dawson Watson, and, two years later, Mr. Leonard Ochtman, had charge of the painting classes. Furniture making and weaving were early among the Byrdcliffe activities, Miss Edna Walker and Miss Zulma Steele designing the furniture; and, among the weavers, Miss Marie Little, working independently, set up her looms there in 1904, making rugs and other beautiful products of her art. Metal working was in the hands of Mr. Edward Thatcher who organized the metal shop, subsequently building a work-shop of his own, and Miss Bertha Thompson was soon engaged in creating those beautiful things in silver and copper and jewelry for which she is distinguished. Miss Edith Penman and Miss Elizabeth Hardenburg, too, opened their pottery, which still flourishes. All these activities, indeed, prospered, with the exception of the furniture-making which Mr. Whitehead, after a time, abandoned finding it impracticable to compete with the large commercial manufacturers. As an alternative, he and Mrs. Whitehead took to pottery themselves, and they still make it.

It is not difficult to imagine the condescending attitude of the Holland-Dutch farmers towards this sudden inroad of crazy folk with easels and all manner of "new-fangled" ideas and habiliments, an attitude half-amused, half hostile. One of them, recently interviewed as to what he thought of the artists when they first came to Byrdcliffe, replied:

"Wall, to tell the truth we thought they was a bunch of wild Indians and maybe some of them still is. In those days they'd take a canvas out into the field and begin painting on it. First, they'd put a dab of paint of one color and take about ten steps back to see how it looked—and then he'd put another dab on till it was all dabbed up and by the time that picture was finished what with all the walking back and forth to look at it—there wasn't nothing left of the vegetable garden the artist was tramping on."

But the name of another deserves to be recorded in grateful remembrance, as an early friend of these artistic out-landers, that of Mr. Levi Harder of Rock City, who according to an informant of mine "declared in more than one tribal seance about the roasting, roaring stove in Byde Snyder's old store (long since burned down, its site now being occupied by the store of Elwyn Brothers—who also deserve honored mention as early friends of the new era), that it was a good thing for the farmers to have city people settle amongst them, and pointed out the inevitable process of profits to be derived from the stranger within their gates. Trade was good to have. Development was all right."

After all Uncle Sam's dollar is a dollar, however come by, though it is always hard at first for the unsophisticated to believe that "real money" can be earned in such frivolous employ as painting, writing or fiddling. "They pay you for that!" once said a sceptic, looking at a page of Robert Louis Stevenson's manuscript; and it will be recalled how even Carlyle could hardly regard poetry as an honest occupation.

"But, Alfred," said he to Tennyson, in the well-known anecdote, "when are you going to do some real work?"

In this connection a personality who must certainly not be forgotten from this necessarily too brief and desultory chronicle was Mrs. Magee, a farmer's wife living at Rock City, affectionately known to all the young artists as "Mother Magee." She made it her business to feed many of them in her great kitchen, and the excellence of her dinners is still traditional whenever Woodstockians get together of an evening for talk of the old times. But she was more than an inspired cook, she was overflowing with human kindliness and hearty humour and no little native intelligence, and while she was too busy feeding her hungry young people grouped about her kitchen table to sit down with them, she was never left out from their mirth and those discussions on art and every subject under the sun which set the table on a roar after the manner of artistic youth in all ages. The kitchen indeed made a sort of artistic centre of the gay "vie de Boheme" which was a feature of Woodstock then as still today. "Her opinion was asked on every question" (I have it from Mr. McFee as well as others of that golden age), "and she even decided an argument, though it was generally with a compromise that would hurt no one's feelings. She would often put her hands on John F. Carlson's head (Mr. Carlson, then as now, the life of any company in which he happened to be), and say—

"'Oh, you, you're a great man now, aren't you? With your singing and your going off with the young girls pretending to paint.'"

For, serious in their art as these young artists were, they did not allow their seriousness to interfere with the joyousness of living, and gay parties of all sorts, dances and concerts and moonlight flirtations, were as much a part of their student life as those classes which, indeed, under Mr. Carlson's gay leadership were often held in the moonlight too.

But to return to the farmers, even those who looked cynically on at the building of Byrdcliffe, have long since become warm friends and supporters of the Woodstock artists. Said Emerson of a certain New England farmer—

"Another crop thine acres yield
Which I gather in a song"

and the Woodstock farmers have become accustomed to the truth of those lines, long realized that there are harvests of beauty to be garnered from their fields as well as harvests of oats and rye. Said Mr. Harder once to John Carlson: "I never noticed that the sky was blue until you fellows came." They have hospitably given the freedom of their pastures and

woodlands to painters with their umbrellas, they attend the Maverick concerts with enthusiasm and regard the Maverick Festival as their own institution.

They are no longer alarmed at poets wandering at their stream-sides in quest of "copy;" they have even become hardened to "the breast of the nymph in the brake," as some beautiful model poses in the greenwood, and the one-piece naiads haunting their mountain brooks no longer affright them. They have become inured, too, to all sorts of picturesque outlanders, of weird ways and weird costumes, and, though the dead in the village graveyards may occasionally turn in their graves, their descendents never turn a hair.

Among the artists associated with Mr. Whitehead was the well-known painter, Birge Harrison, who in the winter of 1905 was asked to take charge of a class in landscape painting which the Art Students' League of New York proposed to establish at Lyme, Conn., the following summer. Lyme did not strike Mr. Harrison as a fortunate choice, and he suggested Woodstock instead. The alternative was accepted and thus, early in June, 1906, the Woodstock School of Landscape Painting came into being. Among the students of the first year were John F. Carlson and Andrew Dasburg, both of whom became associated with the school as instructors. Three years later when the registration numbered more than one hundred, Mr. Harrison passed on the direction of the school to John F. Carlson, who with the assistance of Walter Goltz, the League's right hand man in Woodstock, until 1922, and then of Frank Swift Chase, conducted it for a number of years. In 1919 Charles Rosen took charge, the following summer a class in outdoor figure painting was started with Andrew Dasburg as instructor. Two years later he resigned and Eugene Speicher, Robert Henri, Leon Kroll, and George Bellows continued it for one year. In 1922 Hayley Lever was given entire charge of both figure and landscape classes.

While, so to speak, serving their apprenticeship at the League, the personalities of the more individual among the students was naturally developing along their own lines, and as, one by one, they left the school, they withdrew into their own separate hermitages or studios to work out the problem of expressing them. These painters at the same time had much in common, as experimenters in the newer ideas of painting then in the air or wafted overseas from France; and so many of them had settled themselves in, or in the neighborhood of Rock City that they began to be known as the Rock City group. Anyone who knows anything of painters or young artists generally, can easily imagine the continual enthusiastic threshing-out of aesthetic theories among themselves. All this fervid disputation naturally went on to the accompaniment of gay parties, none the less gay because the Volstead Act had not yet chilled the blood of mankind. That wolf too which has haunted the door of artists from time immemorial not infrequently prowled about Rock City; for original art, perhaps all the better for it, is never lucrative. But, like all artists, those of Rock City took the ups and downs of fortune with courageous gaiety, and made fun even

of its own occasional "blues." One such gloomy moment was turned into hilarity in the following characteristic fashion. "Art is dead," they cried, "let us bury him." The idea was at once taken up with enthusiasm. An old tombstone was found for the purpose, and a grave duly dug in the front yard of one of the studios. Into this was thrown canvas after canvas, each artist eager to make his derisive contribution to the ceremony. It is to be hoped that the site of that grave is remembered, and indeed it deserves its memorial day, for it has proved to be an historic spot. This anecdote comes to me from one of the Rock City people, who also says:

"From being together so much, and because our ideas of painting and sculpture were different from those of the Woodstock painters, they began to call us the Rock City Group. Several of us sent out an exhibition which traveled through the country under the title—'Paintings by the Rock City Group.' Jimmie Wardwell was often with us in those days, a most gracious and generous person, a bit older than most of us but young in his enthusiasms for pictures and people. He and Putnam Brindley and Dasburg had formed the 'Sunflower Club.' They wanted to see a picture made of clear color undisturbed by the tone of a mood. They preferred to paint on bright sunny days when the motif stood clearly revealed." Among the most striking work being done was that of John Carlson, George Macrum, and Eugene Speicher. Their work was being accepted at the National Academy of Design and also shown in other important exhibitions throughout the country. In 1911, Carlson was elected a member of the Academy and the same honor was conferred on Speicher in 1912. Among the notable students of these years, most of whom have settled in Woodstock are Marion Bullard, Grace Mott Johnson, Alan Cochrane, Cecil Chichester, John Folinsbee, Frank Swift Chase, and Harry Leith-Ross, all of whom have since achieved success. There have been other schools both of painting and the crafts from time to time, among which were the Blue Dome Fraternity at Shady, run by Louise Johnson and Dewing Woodward; the School of Edmund Rolfe, a distinguished crafts worker and jeweler, and that of Capt. H. L. Jenkinson, another metal worker, and several painting classes, notably, that of William Schumacher at Byrdcliffe. A few among the many independent artists who come to mind are such names as Myra Carr, Florence Lucius, Abastinia St. Leger Eberle, and Alfeo Faggi as sculptors; Arthur B. Carles, Paul Dougherty, Paul Cornoyer, J. Francis Murphy, Mrs. Eve W. Schutze and Alfred Hutty as painters, and surely not to be forgotten in the Woodstock story are those stormy petrels, Robert Chanler, who in his time has played many parts, including the sheriff of Ulster County, and Hunt Deiderick, as well as Jääche Scwamd, that amazing Play Boy, the memory of whom will always bring a smile to those who knew him.

A long cherished dream of Woodstock artists had been a gallery where they could exhibit their work, first for their own benefit as artists, in that they would thus be able to see what their confrères were doing and compare notes, and next that their various achievements might be on record

for the public at large. With this in view, Mr. Dasburg, Mr. Carlson, Mr. McFee, Mr. Frank Chase, and Mr. Eric Lindin organized the Woodstock Realty Co. as a stock company—the stock of which is owned exclusively by Woodstock artists and local sympathizers—which built and leased the charming building now facing the village green to the Woodstock Art Association, the various expenses of which are at present met by the renting of wall-space; the ultimate intention being that the artists shall be able to exhibit there free of charge. Captain Jenkinson, well-known for his metal work, Miss Wardwell and others cooperated generally with the founders in this scheme, and Mr. Murrell Fisher, the writer, was the first curator, being followed by Miss Marinobel Smith. The "Preamble to the Constitution" of the Woodstock Art Association contains the following significant clauses:

"The Art Colony of Woodstock, being unique and fortunate among art colonies in representing a great diversity and variety of artistic expression, including painting, sculpture, the crafts and applied arts, has formed an Art Association for the purpose of bringing together in an annual exhibition all these arts.

"It is the purpose of the Association in these exhibitions to give free and equal expression to the 'Conservative' and 'Radical' elements, because it believes a strong difference of opinion is a sign of health and an omen of long life for the colony . . .

"The Board of Directors shall be composed of five members of the 'Radical Group,' and five members of the 'Conservative Group.'"

The admirable wisdom and fairness of this is evident, and cannot but be conducive, as the Association hopes, of long life to the Art Colony of Woodstock.

But in addition to painting and the allied arts, Woodstock is also already famous for its music, and this further renown is due chiefly to Mr. Hervey White.

No figure is better known in Woodstock than that of Hervey White, combining as he does in a sort of shaggy preciosity of appearance all the elements of its varied life. Hirsute as his own "Maverick" hillside, thatched with rough curls, and "bearded like the pard," he suggests the God Pan in a pink blouse and workmen's trousers. Eager, young-eyed, keen and yet dreaming, shy and yet forceful, he comes along the open road, like one of Whitman's "Cameradoes," always loafing and gay, and always at work on his thousand and one schemes. *Au fond*, a poet and man-of-letters, he is printer, publisher, editor, builder, farmer, impresario, restaurateur, and landlord of studios besides, the helpful friend and fellow of us all. But nowadays he is, *par excellence*, impresario of that music for which Woodstock has become no less famous than for its painting.

"Maverick," I should explain, is the whimsical name given by Hervey White to the little settlement, chiefly composed of musicians, which, when the original Woodstock triumvirate, after the manner of some growing organisms, differentiated in the course of events, he set about building,

one little studio at a time, on a stretch of rough woodland on the southwestern slope of Mount Ohio, a little off the Kingston Road as it runs between West Hurley and Woodstock. A printing press which Mr. White worked with his own hands was one of its first activities. On that press he set up some of his own writings, as also "The Plowshare," a magazine of the type which used to be described as "freak," modernist alike in letterpress and woodcut illustrations, with which Mr. Allen Updegraff and Gustav Hellström were associated with Mr. White as editors. It was to start this press that the sister art of music was first called in. Mr. White shall tell the story in his own words:

"When money was needed to install the Maverick press, Mr. Paul Kefer was brought forth to give a recital in the Firemen's Hall in Woodstock which netted the required sum and incidentally established the idea of concerts. Horace Britt, Pierre Henrotte, Henri Michaux, John Grolle and Leon Barzin, having become residents of the Maverick, a string quartet was made up to meet the demands of the Red Cross Society in the war and successful concerts were given. About this time the Maverick needed a well, being situated on the dry side of a mountain, for a mountain, like a temperance argument, usually has its dry and its wet side. The well went deeper and deeper and the mountain became dryer and dryer. The cost proved to be over fifteen hundred dollars and I decided to give a show to pay it off. The result was the first Maverick Festival which has been now for eight years an established event. Such hearty cooperation was shown by the Woodstock artists in the first festival that the idea of a hall and weekly concerts seemed attainable. The hall was erected and the next summer, Charles Cooper, Edward Kreiner and Engelbert Roentgen were inveigled into the group and the Sunday programs proved successful from the start. It is our proud boast that from the start the Maverick Sunday concerts have been self-supporting. At present the resident artists include in their number: three concert masters of leading orchestras, three first violas and three first 'cellos with pianists and accompanists of equal importance. Added to the names already given are: Alfred Megerlin, Gustav Tinlot, Armand Combel, Anselm Fortier, Paul Lemay, Georges Grisez, Harrison W. Johnson, Inez Carroll, and Ruth M. Conniston. Recitals have been given by Edward and Gaston Dethier, David and Clara Mannes, Edward Dern, Edwin Grasse and André Polah. The Letz Quartet was in residence in 1921 and the San Francisco String Quartet made a visit in 1922.

"Quite apart from musicians we have permitted novelists and poets to abide with us, Gustav Hellström and Hughes Mearns being the best known. Henry Richardson Linville has kept up the end of scientific authorship and Hippolite Havel, the extreme left of radicalism. A pottery shop and kiln have been built by Carl Walters."

Literature, as Mr. Hervey White has hinted, has not gone unrepresented in Woodstock. Byrdcliffe has its memories of John Burroughs, and, till his recent untimely death, Woodstock was proud to number

Walter Weyl among its villagers, a man who could make political economy almost as attractive as a love affair; such was the charm of his style. As a national publicist, and as a shaper of original and honest political programs, his name is known to all, while his influence on Roosevelt and the part played by him in the last Bull Moose campaign are matters of recent American history. But, the charm of the man himself, revealed even in the most casual contact . . . how Woodstock misses that! Happily for those who possess the book, no little of this is caught in a "garland" of memorial papers written by his friends and associates of "The New Republic" to whom, as to him, his house "Hill Crest," on Mount Ohio, was so long a haven of talk and laughter. Among these friends is Martin Schütze, a name not to be forgotten in a chronicle of Woodstock. Other writers who have found inspiration in Woodstock are Edwin Schoonmaker, Grace Fallow-Norton, Anne Moore, Professor Shotwell, Isabel Moore, Edwin Björkman, and Roy Rolfe Gilson.

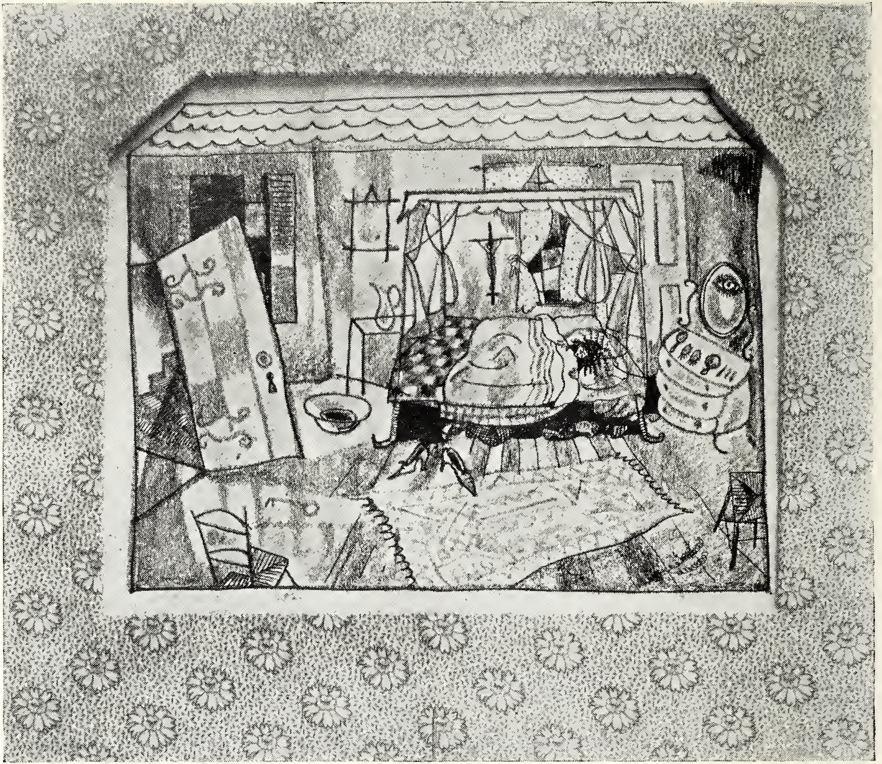
Woodstock has come to represent a real, unaffected camaraderie of all manner of men and women, races, nationalities and occupations in the various arts of life, from those most ancient arts of the husbandman that "make the cornfields glad," to the most nouveau art of cubist and dadaist that occasionally make the poor conservative grieve and enforce the familiar truth that beauty is, beyond argument, in the eyes of the beholder.

As to that, the Woodstock Art Gallery, in its unbiased eclecticism, illustrates that other old saying of the lion and the lamb living happily side by side. Painters of all sorts do their best, at least, to admire each other, to understand what the other fellow is doing or trying to do. All are working together in the interests of that broader and richer humanity with which the arts, rather than the mere businesses of life, are concerned.

Woodstock is not a "community" in that tiresome, artificial sense which one has come to associate with the word. Here is no arbitrary "centre" of sophisticated "intellectuals," but such bond as there is is free and flexible and humanly social, and has come about naturally from men and women of like dreams and tastes dwelling together in one of those beautiful places of the earth where nature herself is an artist—mountains and streams

Where the Muses dwell
Fairest of all things fair.

(*The writer desires to express his obligation to Miss Marinobel Smith, Mrs. Isabel Moore, Mr. Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead, Mr. Henry L. McFee, Mr. Andrew Dasburg, Mr. Hervey White and Mr. Birge Harrison for their kind assistance in supplying him with data for the above sketch.*)



NOCTURNE

By Peggy Bacon

MISS KATHERINE ROSEN

By George Bellows

FOREST POOL

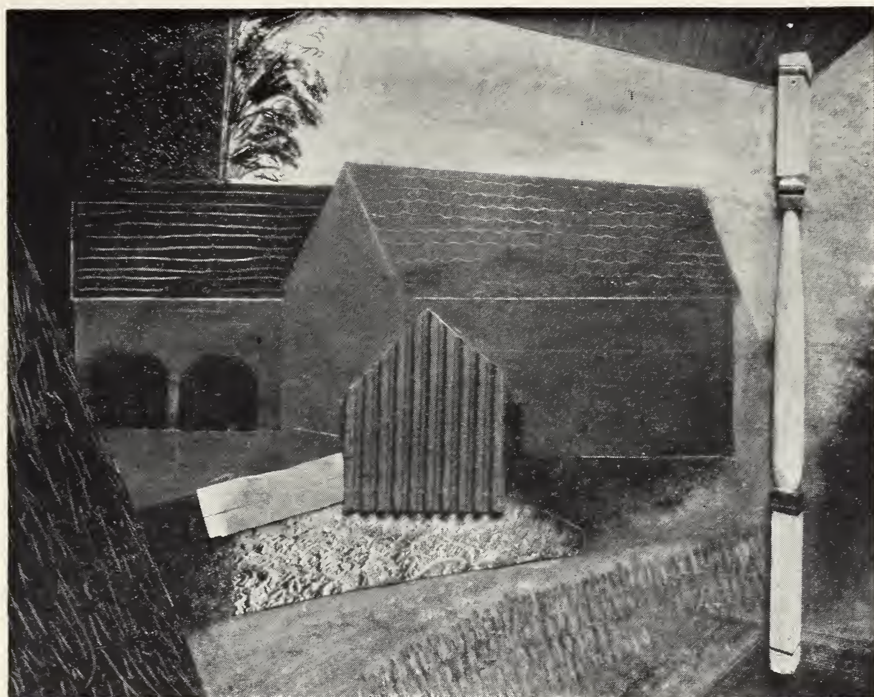
By John F. Carlson

MEDITATION

By John Carroll

AUTUMN LIGHTS

By Frank Chase

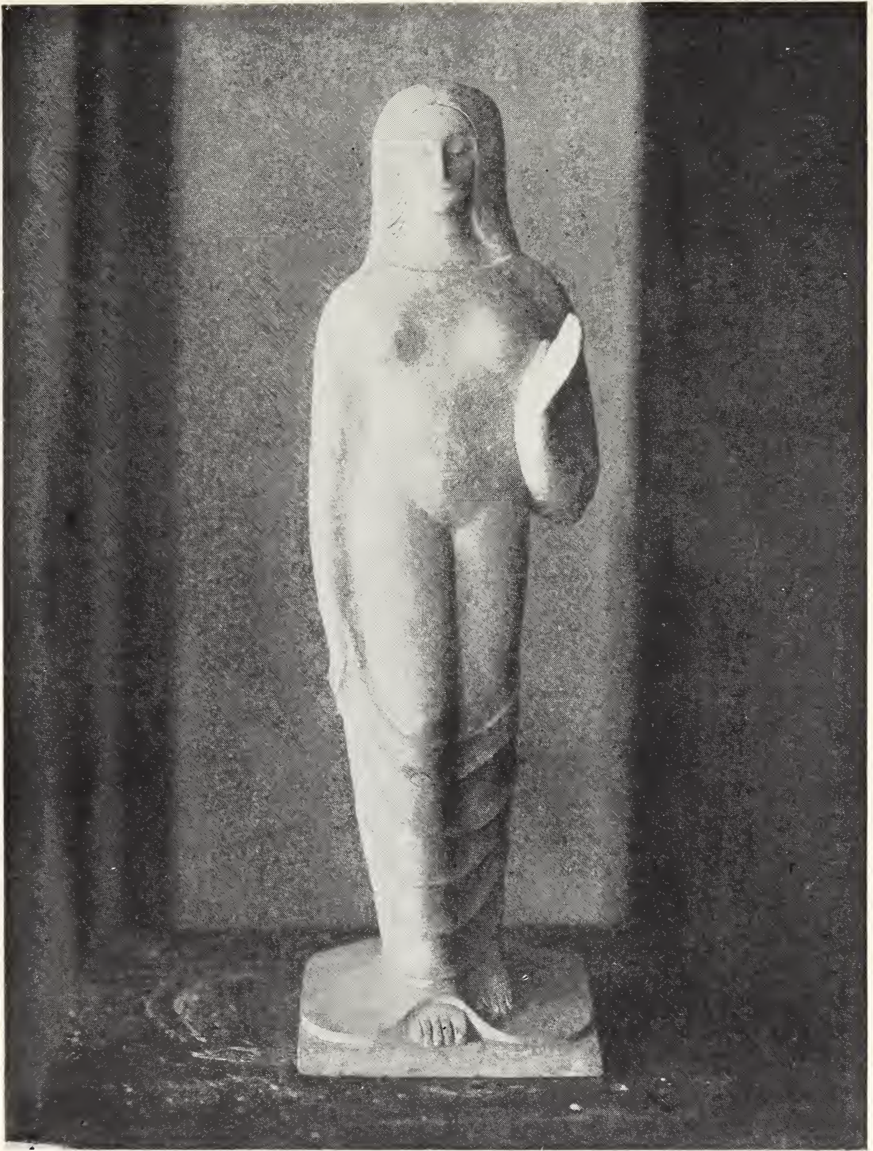


RED BARNS

By Konrad Cramer

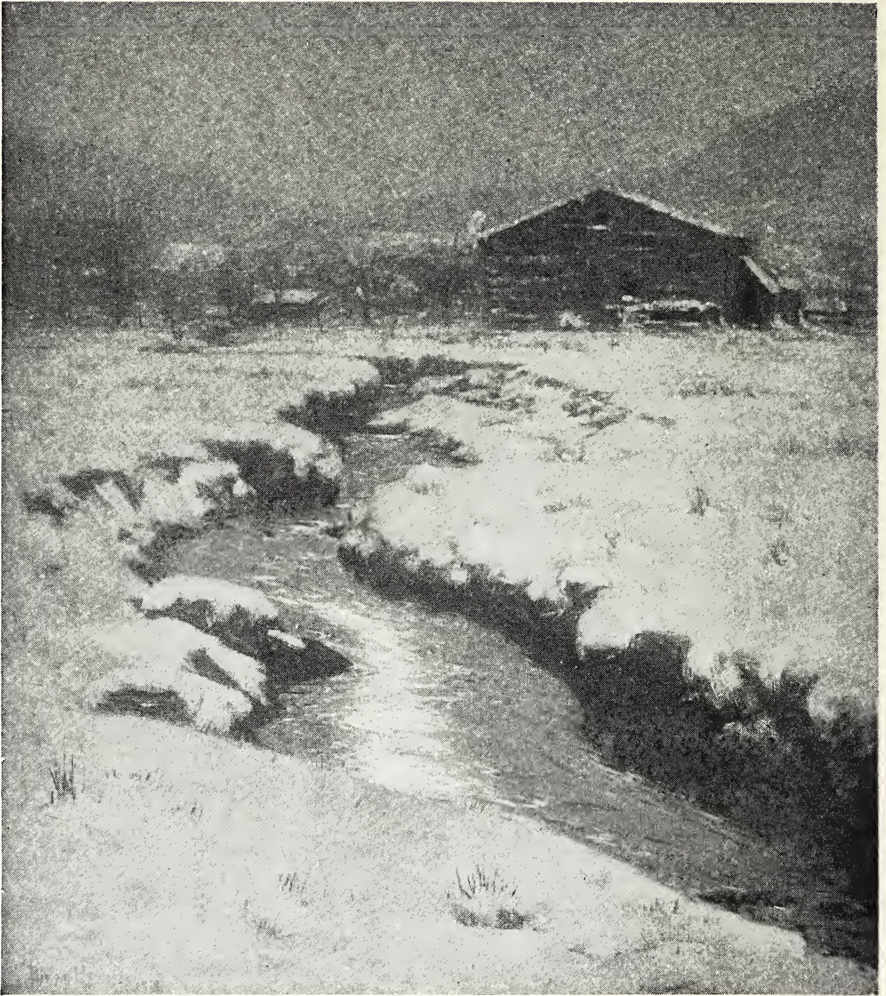
NEW MEXICAN LANDSCAPE

By Andrew Dasburg



STATUETTE

By Alfeo Faggi



WOODSTOCK MEADOWS

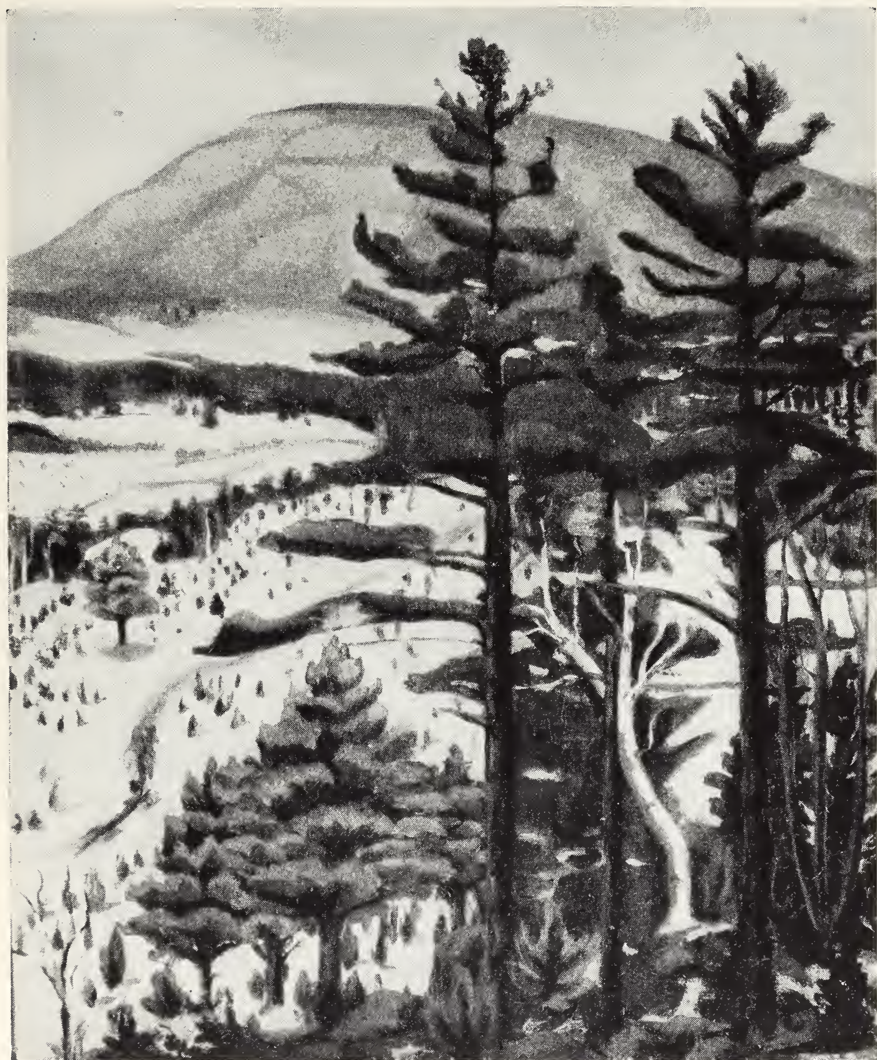
By Birge Harrison

BEAD EMBROIDERED BAG

By Mary Elizabeth Jenkinson

SCULPTURE

By Grace Mott Johnson



LANDSCAPE

By Georgina Klitgard

MORNING IN MIDSUMMER

By Leon Kroll

GREY DAY

By Harry Leith-Ross

LANDSCAPE

By Carl Eric Lindin

STILL LIFE

By Henry Lee McFee

LANDSCAPE

By Paul Rohland

RAILROAD BRIDGE

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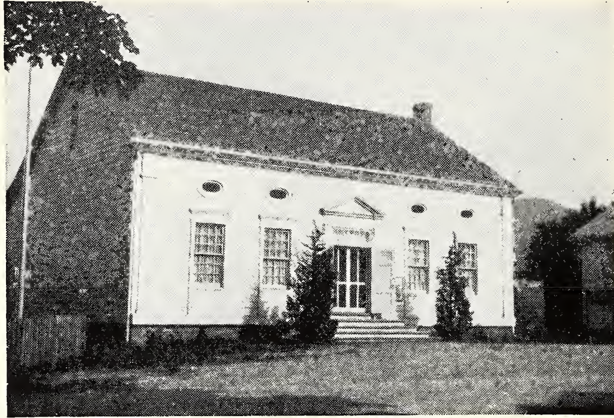

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